# Northern Messenger

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## Sunday and Week Day at Fort Churchill.

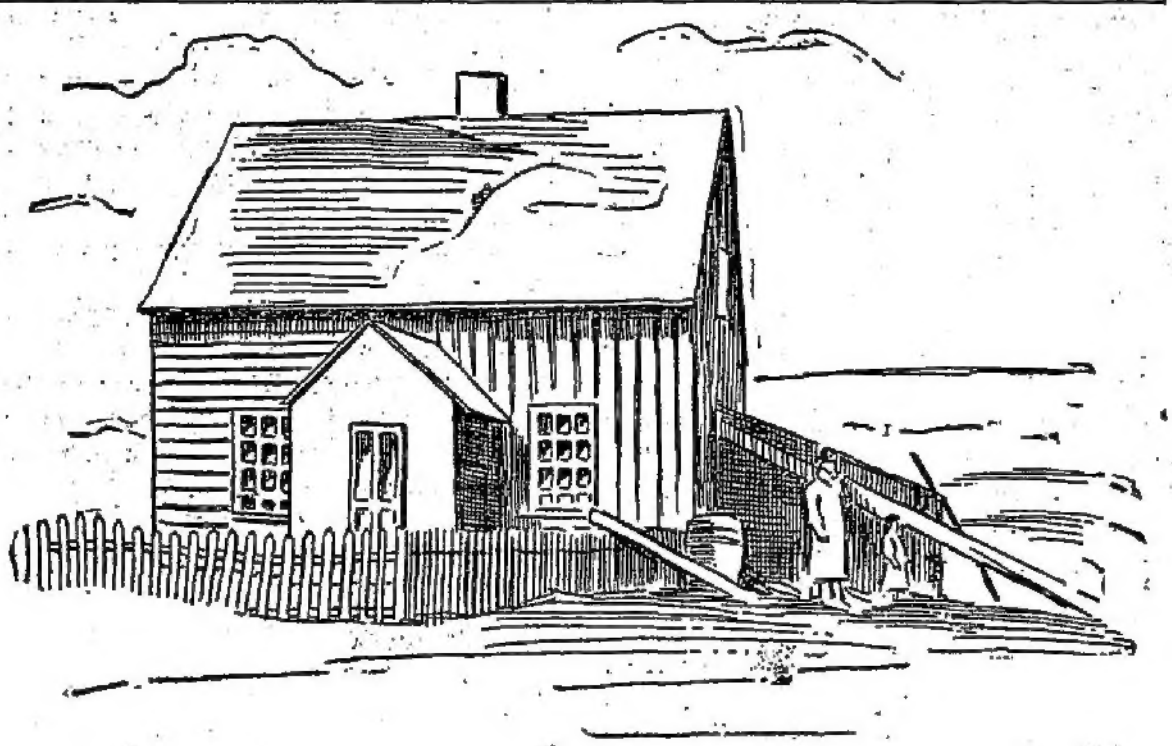
(By the Rev. J. Lofthouse, in 'Church Missionary Gleaner.')

It is a Sunday morning in July. Our Indians have laid aside their guns, and are ready to spend the day for God. At 8.30 the first bell rings, and they gather in our little church for a service in Chipewyan. It is very pleasant to hear them begin by singing:

'This is God's day,
We wish to pray,
And sing to Jesus.'

Most of them are very poor, but they come to church bright and clean, and with hair tidy, a great contrast to their appearance ten years ago, when, with long hair hanging over their faces, and very dirty deer-skin robes, they sat and listened to the story of God's love. The Gospel has certainly led these Indians to think of bodily as well as spiritual improvement.

At eleven a.m. our small English-speaking congregation gathers together, and very heartily enters into the service. Not one is absent—father, mother, and children all join in praising the Lord and Giver of all. A few years ago they would have spent the Sabbath in hunting or sitting in their miserable homes and smoking all the day, with not one thought of the Great Creator. In the afternoon, a few Eskimo, from their camp six miles away, gather in the house of God. They are a motley group, very strange looking animals, clad from head to foot in deer skins, men and women so much alike in dress that a kablanart (foreigner), would fail to distinguish them. They, poor souls, have had few opportunities of learning of 'the great Attata' (Father). Their homes are far away in the land of everlasting ice and snow, and only during the few weeks of summer are they within reach of the mission. They are very fond of music, and try to join in the singing, but it is not a great success. Then shortly and simply is set before them the story of God's love. They listen with ears and eyes both wide open, and occasionally also the mouth, when one and another exclaims, 'Koveasukpoonga' ('I rejoice'). Very few of them have as yet been admitted into Christ's outward and visible Church, but nearly all of them are deeply attached to the mission, and miss no opportunity of learning to read 'the Book.' Sometimes they even walk into our kitchen at five o'clock in the morning, asking to be taught to read 'the Book.'



THE MISSION HOUSE, FORT CHURCHILL.

In the evening we have another service either in Chipewyan or English, sometimes in both. Then the people disperse to their tents four or five miles away, many of them ending the day with family prayers and singing of hymns.

On Monday morning, at nine o'clock, the missionary hurries off to school, but before he reaches there the children are gathered in their places, waiting and anxious to be taught. We begin with a chant, then prayer, and a short scripture lesson. Now that it is summer we are able to write, but in winter this is impossible, for the ink would freeze on the pen and the fingers stick fast to the holder. School goes on steadily until noon. Then we return to work in the garden, or do some repairs, for the missionary here has to do everything for himself. After dinner we start to visit the Eskimo in their distant camp. Not very parson-like is the missionary—no black coat and hat, but a pair of mole-skin trousers, water-tight seal-skin boots, old coat, straw hat covered with a large veil, and gloves. Fancy gloves and a veil! But even the natives wear them, for it is quite impossible to do without them. The mosquitoes are in swarms, and soon the whole body is covered with them. The boots up to the knees are very necessary, for our way is mostly through swamps. You do well if you do not sink in above the knees,and get a soaking. Roads of any kind are unknown in this part of the world. When within a mile or so of the camp we see some objects running to meet us. Are they bears, or what? They look very much like them, but drawing nearer we see they are Eskimo boys and girls coming to meet the iksareak (teacher). They take possession of him, some taking his hands, some hanging on to his coat-tails. Thus we go on, singing hymns or repeating texts of scripture.

What a strange village! There are about a dozen tents, not pitched on a soft, smooth place, but right on the stones. How ever do they sleep in such places? Well, an Eskimo can sleep anywhere, and a few stones are of no account. And oh, what a dirty, greasy mess, a perfumery of the strongest kind! Never mind; do not think of it, and you will soon get over it. We will enter into one tent. See, there is no fire, nor any chairs, tables, or other furniture, except a few skins spread on the ground. We take our seat on these; men, women, and children crowd around; and the work of teaching begins. One man, stripped to the waist, is mending an old kettle; another is forming the ribs of a kyak (Eskimo boat). A woman is diligently chewing away at some seal-skin (not very sweet!), whilst another is sewing boots.

GROUP OF ESKIMO, FORT CHURCHILL.

Seals' meat and blubber take up one corner, and now and then some child will take up a piece and smack his lips at the juicy morsel. All this time the teaching is going on, and some at least are drinking in the Word. Thus we pass on from tent to tent, and spread the good news. It is not ours to tabulate results, but, having sown the seed, to rest in faith.

Some of them have received the truth, and are carrying the gospel into the far north, where there are still many who have never heard the name of Jesus, and are dying without God and without hope in the world.

Two hundred miles south of Churchill, at York Factory, many of our Indians show their devotion to Christ in various ways. It is a very common thing for them to walk fifteen or twenty miles to church on Sunday in the most bitter weather. Women will bring their children on their backs sixty or one hundred miles to have them baptized. A few years ago our catechist walked fully six hundred miles to kneel at the Lord's table. Family prayer is regularly carried on amongst them. They are not without their faults and failings, and need constant supervision and upbuilding. Earnestly would I ask the Christian men and women of favored England to remember them before the Throne of Grace.

## The Minister and the Indian Boy.

It was a dark and stormy night in the beginning of the rainy season, when no man willingly left the shelter of his house. I was two hundred miles away from our little mission station (writes a missionary in an English paper)—three days' journey by the fastest mode of travel procurable in the hills—heavy-hearted with apprehensions of what would happen at home if the enemy stormed the mission as they had threatened to do.

Tales of recent barbarities on the frontier filled me with deadly fear for the safety of my loved ones, who had taken up the cross to follow Him in a strange and lonely land.

After eating my frugal meal, I went out to walk, I knew not where nor why, only to be rid of the haunting fear of disaster. Having earnestly striven to surrender all my care to God, I tried to reason myself into cheerfulness, but nothing availed to quell the agony of fear within my inmost heart. I doubted the promises—not for myself, God knows, but for the dear ones whose safety was nearest my heart.

I could see nothing distinctly. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind lashed the tree-tops wildly; as I neared the river's brink, I made out the graceful outlines of an old Mogue muezzin tower—prayer tower—remnant of the inglorious past when that fair land was wholly given over to the idolator.

As I turned into the open space below the village edge, a muffled figure swerved up against the darkling sky-line, and approached swiftly, yet cautiously. By his flowing gown and turban, I knew him to be a native.

He halted as I drew near, and cried out presently: 'Who goes there? Friend or foe?'

'Friend,' I answered, in very imperfect Tamil.

'Then I pray you to help me. The wind and storm has misled me; turn me face about toward the muezzin tower.'

I pointed toward the fretted pile uprising darkly against the eastern horizon. 'Yonder it stands, to your right.'

'I cannot see, I am blind,' he answered, gently. 'Lead me, friend.'

I took his hand and found it very small and soft, and cold as snow. A child's hand it was, noting which I took courage to ask what errand had brought him out alone on such a wild night.

'I am Abdul Knann. My father, the marabout, died this day between dusk and dark, and there be none in this ungodly village to take his place. Therefore, I must call the evening muezzin.'

'You are but a child,' I said in open wonder.

'True. To-morrow my father's kinsman comes to fill the holy office.'

I waited till his footfall died away on the stone steps of the tower, then a sweet, clear young voice rang out tunefully across the stormy waste:

'Oh, ye who are about to sleep, commend your soul to him who never sleeps!'

Three times the fearless young voice called the drowsy villagers to prayer, then answering lights twinkled from window to window of the poor huts. His mission was fulfilled, and he passed out into the darkness of the stormy night towards his desolate home.

To him who never sleeps! Had God put those words into the mouth of this heathen child for my comfort?

I believed it; and with that assurance came peace such as I had never known before. Doubt and fear fled before that deathless voice of far-away Galilee. 'Tis I, be not afraid.'

When morning dawned, a messenger brought blessed news from the mission. 'The Afridi have declared a truce, and we are safe.'

'Praise be to him who never sleeps!'

## For Every Need.

The Latin legend on the seal of the United States translated, means, 'One out of many.' Christian worship exalts him who is many in one.

Polytheism grew largely out of the diversity and multitude of human wants. Men needed a divinity for every situation, and they created one; and the god was named and appealed to according to the condition, class or trade that he was supposed to preside over and assist. But there is no polytheism in the Bible. The attributes and function of one Deity cover all cases.

A London exchange tells us of the twelve statues near an Austrian city, on the parapets of its entrance bridge. They are figures of Christ, each representing a different aspect of his divine value to the world; and the country folk, crossing the bridge to the city in the morning, worship them as they pass.

The stock men pray to the image of Christ the Shepherd, the artisans to Christ the Carpenter, the market-gardeners to Christ the Sower, the ailing and infirm to Christ the Physician, the fishermen to Christ the Pilot—and others by the same rule of choice, to the end of the twelve.

What we call superstition in this simple-hearted custom, pictures a beautiful reality. Enlightened minds will never forget that there is but one Christ, and yet to each follower the thought of him that is born of a special need will always be the one that makes his image in the soul. He withholds nothing of himself from the faith of all, but to each he is best known on his nearest side.

## God's Powers.

The author of 'The Cry of the Children' says that, last summer, a little girl, ten years old, who for the past two years had helped her mother to supply a large warehouse with artificial roses, was taken into the country for a short holiday by one of those admirable societies which are giving the East-end children glimpses of rural life and a few days of fresh air, both of which are too often unknown to the little toilers.

On the morning of her arrival, the child was taken round the garden of the cottage where she was to stay. She had never seen growing flowers before, and although her wonder was excited by the petals of the pansies—she thought they were 'real velvet'—and the scent of the pinks and the sweet peas, her eyes continually wandered toward a large rose-bush that grew against the side of the house.

It was one mass of blossoms, and her interest at last overcoming her shyness, she suddenly darted away from the lady who was showing her the garden, and ran to the rose-tree.

'These are much better than even mother can make,' she said, rubbing the petals of an over-blown flower critically between her thumb and forefinger; 'an' I don't believe my Aunt Sal, who is the best rose-'and at ———'s factory, could touch 'em. My! ain't they lovely?' Then she sighed regretfully, 'I shan't ever be able to make roses like these 'ere. We ain't got no time to stick 'em together like this.'

She was silent for a little time, still rubbing the petals gently, and the lady took the opportunity to say something about the perfection of Nature's handiwork.

'Do you think as God is riled with us for making them there roses so bad?' the child asked, in a tone of anxiety.

Young as she was, the brand of the worker who fights hourly with starvation had entered into her soul, and during the whole of her visit she could not overcome her awe and wonder at the beauty of the roses 'as God made.'

## Riding Outside.

When men travel in stage coaches in grand mountain countries, some ride in the inside with the curtains fastened down. They see nothing of the beauty of the scenes through which they pass. Others ride outside, and see every grand thing by the way. This illustrates the way different persons go through God's world. Many pass through shut up inside a dark, dismal coach, with all the curtains drawn tight, themselves shut in, and all of God's joy and beauty shut out; others ride outside, and catch a glimpse of every fair and lovely thing by the way. They breathe the fresh air, hear the joyous songs of the birds, see the fields, brooks, rivers, mountains, and skies, and quaff delight everywhere.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

## The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Sept. 30, Sun.—Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

Oct. 1, Mon.—God, the judge of all.

Oct. 2, Tues.—Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant.

Oct. 3, Wed.—Refuse not him that speaketh.

Oct. 4, Thurs.—Serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.

Oct. 5, Fri.—Our God is a consuming fire.

Oct. 6, Sat.—Let brotherly love continue.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Susie.

(By Edith M. Edwards, in 'Silver Link.')

When did I first see Susie? Well, now, that's a question. Seems to me as it might ha' been yesterday, when I was down in the lane there, takin' notice o' them clouds over the heath. I was the first to notice 'em. I know, because it was gettin' to hay-time, and the master was for havin' it cut as soon as it might be. That was how I come to take partic'lar notice o' them clouds. But what was I a-saying? It seems like yesterday? Aye, and it does, too; but mother, she says, 'Why, bless yer, John, it's seven years come June if it's a day,' she says. And when I come to think of it, she's right, for I weren't no ways so shaky in the joints as I am now, and I didn't have to keep on a-rubbin' my glasses when I read the Good Book.

Bless you, the little gal can read it herself now; you should hearken to her!

Is she my grandchild? Ah! I see you want the story. Well, it was seven years come June, then, and I were a-comin' home with the waggon. Them clouds as I see the evenin' before meant mischief, and it had been a-rainin' all day, like as if it didn't know how to leave off. I was pretty wet, but I didn't think nothing o' that, bein' used to it, only I was 'olding my 'ead down—the rain drove so—when I heard a sort of a little cry just at hand, like. I looked about then, for it was gettin' dullish, with the rain and all, and sure enough, I see someone a-settin' under the 'edge, takin' shelter, like. I stopped then, for I see it was a woman, and I thought she'd, maybe, like a lift. But when she held up her face, it was that white and drawn, it made me think o' ghosts and stuff, what I used to believe in when I was a little chap. 'Mr. Webb,' says she, 'don't yer know me?'

And would yer believe me? I didn't, not for the minute. Of course, I know'd Susie Smart well enough. She was just about the liveliest girl in the village, with her eyes that sparkling, and her cheeks as red as apples, an' she was always a-laughin'. And to think of her settin' there, and lookin' that deathly! We know'd Sam Jones weren't no good; but she was set on havin' him, and she was always a bit 'eadstrong. After they was married they left our place. He was always for gettin' to the town, was Sam, and there wasn't no one as knew where to find 'em when Susie's mother died.

'Don't yer know Susie, Mr. Webb?' says she.

SHE SITS ON THE GRASS, WHILE I AM AT WORK.

Then I know'd her.

'Of course I do, my dear,' says I, and I couldn't say no more for pity.

'I've come home,' she says; 'but mother ——" and she stopped, sort o' choking.

Well, I never was no hand at words, but I know'd it was rainin' and Susie was wet.

'Get into the waggon, my dear,' says I, 'it will be odd if my missis can't find another cup o' tea in the pot.' I said that jokin' like, for I see how dull the poor thing was.

Then Susie stood up, and held tight on to something.

'What's that bundle yer got?'

Then she give me a wild sort of a look.

'That's my baby,' says she.

'I'm no hand at tellin' a story. I took the poor soul home, of course, and mother, she set her in the big chair, and tried to get her dry and more cheery; but Susie she didn't take much notice, only she begged and prayed of us not to let her go to the 'ouse, her as was born respectable; she'd sooner die under the 'edge,' she said.

But I couldn't stand that.

'You aint a-going to die, my dear,' says I. 'You're going to get strong and rosy again.'

But as soon as I'd spoken, I caught sight of my missis' face, and then I know'd that wasn't to be. It wasn't neither. I carried her upstairs that night; she wasn't no heavier hardly than her own baby; and for a few days she lay very still and comfortable like, and then she slipped off.

The day she was buried, I caught mother sittin' by the fire with the baby on her lap.

'What are you going to do with it?' says I.

'There's the 'ouse,' says she, turning away her head.

'Look here,' says I, 'I'm not goin' to send that child to the 'ouse. Jim Smart and me was neighbors thirty year and more. Why, we was in the same class at the Sunday-school, and we frightened the crows together in the medder!'

'You're not so young as you was, John,' says she.

'Well, no more I aint,' says I; 'but I've kind of took to the child.'

'One would a'most think it was yer own,' she says, a little jealous like.

She was a-thinkin' of our Bob, I s'pose—that's him at the grocery stores, now, and they do say he'll have the business when the old man's took.

It upset me a bit, though, what mother said, and all the day through I turned it this way and that, tryin' to see the rights of it.

No doubt we was older than we was once, and times was bad, and now another mouth to feed, seemed a bit hard on poor folks. I went home kind o' worried, when all at once it come to me that the Good Book might have somethin' to say. I'm not much of a scholar. Learnin' weren't so common when I was young. I couldn't ha' read straight on if it had been common print, when you don't know what's comin'; but there's somethin' 'omely about the Good Book, if I may say so, meanin' no harm; one kind o' knows the pages as if they was friends' faces, and I see in my mind just how the words come, and there they was.

'Your Heavenly Father knoweth——'

I didn't get no further; them words set me thinkin'. When our Bob was a little chap, he had wants as he didn't seem to notice himself.

'Bob,' I'd say, 'them boots is a-wearin' out,' and Bob he'd look down at his feet, and, 'So they are, father,' he'd say, quite astonished.

'You've got a hole in you're sleeve, Bob, mother 'ud say, and then Bob—it's as if I see him now—he'd pull his sleeve round and look that surprised.

'Why, so I 'ave, mother,' he'd say.

I can't put it clear as they do in books, but it's like that with him as calls himself our Father. We want this and we want that, and fret over it, as if the Lord knew nothin' about it; but bless me, he knows more about our wants nor ever we do. Don't he see and know all things, and is it likely that we can come short in the very least thing without he knows?

With mother and me, knowin' was always givin', or trying to, for we was poor folks and often straitened; knowin' and givin's all one with the Father in heaven.

I showed mother that verse; she never spoke, but she was kind o' gentle that evening, and when night come, 'John,' she says, 'I've got some work in me yet, and I ain't the woman to forsake a motherless child.'

So that is how we got Susie, and the Father he took care o' mother and me.

I don't say we never come a little short; but there, if we hadn't took the little one we should have missed something, maybe, as the Father see we wanted more nor bread.

Did we ever get paid? If yer mean with money, right down, well—no—not exactly. But she's so uncommon knowin' is the little gal; bless you, she sits on the grass there when I'm at work in the medder, and she gathers the flowers—she's uncommon fond o' flowers—and she's such company like. Oh, I'm paid right enough, and so's mother,

## A Hasty Judgment.

(By Ida T. Thurston.)

'Edith! Edith! Wait a minute.'

Edith turned at the call and waited somewhat impatiently. The girl hurrying after her had pale blue eyes with colorless lashes, and a thin, freckled face. Her name was Emma Green.

'I'm all out of breath,' she panted slipping her arm familiarly through Edith's as she joined her. 'I've been trying ever so long to overtake you.'

'Have you?' returned Edith quietly. She did not say that she had known all the while that the other was behind her.

Emma went on with a swift sly glance from the corner of her eye at her companion's face, 'Did you have a nice time last night?'

'Last night? Why—there was nothing special last night.'

'Then you weren't at Rita's party?' Emma asked in a surprised tone.

'Rita's party?' repeated Edith in a bewildered fashion. 'Rita didn't have any party last night.'

'Indeed she did, and I supposed of course you were there—such friends as you are! Then you didn't know anything about it?' Emma questioned eagerly.

Edith pulled her arm away from the clinging hand of her companion as she replied simply 'No.'

'Well, I say that was real mean of Rita. I wasn't invited, of course, Rita Everett never has condescended to invite me to her parties; but I wouldn't have believed she would slight you so.'

'There may be some mistake about it,' ventured Edith, but Emma responded hastily:

'Oh, no, there can't be any mistake. I saw the girls going in there myself—ever so many of them—and the parlor was all lighted up, and I heard music too.'

'I don't see how you could hear the music 'way over at your house,' returned Edith quickly.

Emma colored a little. 'Well, I didn't hear it at my house,' she answered confusedly, 'I—I was going to Rita's when I heard it. If I were you I wouldn't have anything more to do with her, Edith.'

To this Edith made no reply, and as the two walked through the school-yard and up the stairs, it was Emma who did all the talking.

Rita Everett was in her seat in the schoolroom, and, but for what she had just heard, Edith would have joined her at once, but now she did not so much as glance towards her friend. She walked straight to her own seat and began searching through her desk, though what she expected to find there she could not have told.

In another moment, soft fingers were placed over her eyes and a merry voice was saying, 'Guess who it is?'

'Of course I know who it is. Take your hands away please, Rita.' Edith's tone was so cold that the other dropped her hands at once, and exclaimed, 'What's the matter, Edith? Have I done anything?'

'Oh, no, of course not,' answered Edith, icily. 'What could you have done?'

Rita drew back with the hurt color flushing her cheks. She hesitated a moment, then slipped her arm lovingly about her friend's neck and whispered, 'Tell me what's the matter, dear—please.'

But Edith, with Emma's words rankling in her heart, turned coldly aside, making no reply, and Rita, with a grieved look in her blue eyes, went back to her seat as the bell struck.

Emma Green had watched this little scene with a smile of satisfaction on her lips.

'I'm glad Edith had so much spunk,' she said to herself. 'I was afraid she'd make it right up with Rita.'

Emma was not at all popular among the girls. She had no special friend, and had long wanted Edith to fill that place to her.

At recess, Edith walked off alone to the playground. Rita looked after her wistfully, then opened her book and began to study. She did not go to the playground at all.

Usually the two walked home together and had so much to say to each other that they often stood half an hour at Edith's gate before Rita went on to her own home. But to-day, Edith seeing her coming, turned hastily to the girl next her, who happened to be Emma Green, and began to talk very fast, keeping her face turned away from Rita, and the latter, after a moment's hesitation, fell back and joined some of the other girls.

When Edith reached her own gate she hurried in with a hasty 'good-bye' to Emma. A quick backward glance showed her the other girls a little way down the street, and just as she went into the house, she heard a burst of laughter from the group. Her cheeks burned, and she said to herself, 'They're laughing at me, I know they are, and I think it's real mean of them!'

If her glance had been a little less hasty, she would have seen that Rita's face was very grave, and that she was taking no part in the merry talk of her companions.

'What is the matter, Edith?' her mother asked, seeing the flushed cheeks and clouded brow, as the girl entered the sitting-room.

'Oh, nothing much,' Edith answered. Then she ran up to her room and had what she called 'a good cry.' After that she bathed her face and went down stairs. The mother's eyes saw the tear stains in spite of the bathing, but no questions were asked until the daughter came at bed-time to say 'good-night.' Then as she kissed the serious face, her mother said gently:

'Don't you think you'd better tell mother all about it, little girl?'

Edith was silent for a moment. There was an uncomfortable feeling in her throat, and her voice was not quite steady, as she replied slowly: 'It is about Rita, mamma. She had a party last night, and never said a word to me about it.'

'How do you know, Edith?'

'Emma Green told me.'

'Let me see, dear. How long have you and Rita been friends?' the mother asked quietly.

'Ever since we lived on this street—four years, isn't it?' the girl answered with a quick glance at her mother's face.

'Yes, four years; and has Rita ever treated you unkindly in any way, in these four years?'

'No'm,' Edith's head dropped as she answered.

'And yet, on the mere word of a girl like Emma Green, you are cherishing hard feelings against your friend. How did you treat Rita to-day, daughter?'

Edith's head dropped. 'I—I wouldn't have anything to do with her, mamma,' she replied, in a low tone.

'And what are you going to do to-morrow?'

Again the girl hesitated. 'But she did have the party, mamma,' she urged vehemently.

'And even if she did, are you going to allow her failure to invite you to it to destroy your friendship? True friends are rare, my child. They should not be lightly cast aside. Can Emma Green fill Rita's place to you?'

'Oh, no, no! You know I don't like Emma,' Edith answered quickly.

'Then what are you going to do to-morrow?' her mother repeated.

'Mamma, I'll go to her the first thing in the morning and make it all up,' said Edith, drawing a long breath.

Her mother smiled. 'That is right, dear. I'm sure you will feel ever so much happier now. I couldn't bear to have my daughter begin her new year unhappily.'

Edith's birthday anniversary was the next day. She waited for Rita to come along, until she had barely time to get to school, but no Rita appeared, and her seat at school was vacant. It troubled Edith much. She was afraid that her friend was sick, and as soon as school was dismissed, she hurried to her home to inquire.

'No, Miss Rita isn't sick,' the servant said in answer to her inquiry. 'She went up to the city this morning, and will not be back before night.'

'How queer for her to go on a school day and break her record,' Edith thought, as she walked homeward. 'She hasn't been absent before this term.'

When she got home she wrote a note, which she carried over to Rita's house to be awaiting her on her return.

After supper, her mother said quietly, 'Edith, I laid some new hair ribbons on your bureau. Suppose you put them on, and you might as well put on your best dress to do honor to your birthday.'

Wondering a little, Edith went upstairs. The ribbons were not on her bureau, but on the bed, and with them a pretty new dress. Her eyes shone with pleasure as she looked at it, and it did not take very long for her to brush and braid her hair afresh and tie on the new ribbons, and then put on the dress that just matched them in color. Then she ran downstairs with a beaming face.

'How did you get it all made without my knowing anything about it, mamma?' she

cried, throwing her arms around her mother's neck.

'That was easy with your old dress for a guide,' her mother answered, looking with quiet satisfaction at the girl's bright face. A few moments' later the bell rang, and Edith ran to open the door. She was so amazed at what she saw there that for a moment she really could not speak — for there stood Rita and Eva and Nellie and all the other girls, and each one of them had her hands full of flowers, and they all cried out together, 'Many happy returns, Edith!'

'And aren't you going to ask us in,Edith?' Rita added, laughingly, as she gave her friend a loving kiss, first on one cheek,and then on the other.

Edith recovered then from her amazement, and invited them in, but now her cheeks were burning with a feeling that was not all pleasure, for she began to suspect what the gathering at Rita's had been. But the girls were so full of fun and frolic that they gave her no time for regret. They had come to have a 'real good time, and they certainly were not disappointed; and Edith was again the only surprised one, when, at one o'clock, her mother threw open the dining room door, and she saw the table with its bountiful supplies, and in the centre a big, big birthday cake with fourteen candles burning about it.

When the girls had all departed,and Edith went happily up to her room, there on the bureau stood a dainty silver frame and in it Rita's picture. There was a little note, too, and Edith's cheeks were hotter than ever as she read:

'Dear Edith:

'Thank you so much for the note I found waiting for me at home. I was so glad to get it for I was afraid yesterday, that I had done something to hurt you.

'I hope you will like my picture; you know you asked me for one not long ago. It was to have been sent by mail yesterday, but as it did not come, I went to the city for it this morning. I hope this will be the very happiest year that you have ever had.

'Lovingly,

'RITA.'

## With All Your Might.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Are as leaven:
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun!

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true,—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

—'Home Words.'

## The Dabney Boy.

(By Mitchell Bronk in 'Standard.')

A subdued titter was heard in the Sunday school room, and the superintendent at his desk saw a smile upon many of the scholars' faces. Mr. Richards knew where to look for the mischief; he always knew. If there was ever any disturbance in that school it was pretty likely to have its origin in Miss Lyon's class. Not that Miss Lyon was not a good teacher, and had a marvellous influence over her class; but one of her boys was the Dabney boy, and he was a veritable little demon in the estimation of most people; he was the black sheep of that orderly, fine-appearing flock of boys and girls, and the superintendent's thorn in the flesh.

If he had had any one else for a teacher he would have received his dismissal long ago. But Pauline Lyon was a young woman of infinite patience, and she seemed to see in the dirty, rough, impudent lad some germ of good that was worth cultivating, and so she persisted in keeping him in the school. Mr. Richards had protested many times. Often he would march down the aisle resolved to seize the young rascal by the collar, and give him a final 'putting out,' but the pleading look on the teacher's face, half sad, half smiling, always made him relent. The parents of the other members of her class had complained because the Dabney boy was so dirty, but she simply gave him a place between herself and the end of the seat. She was constantly shielding him and apologizing for his misdeeds.

Yet the boy seemed to show not a particle of gratitude and appreciation; he made faces while she was talking, he stuck pins into her arm, he soiled her dress with his muddy shoes, and this afternoon he had fastened a penny jumping jack, which he had bought at some candy store on the way to school, to the back of her hat, where it hung dangling. This had caused the merriment. Mr. Richards, with a very exasperated, if not ugly, expression on his face, went and removed the object. The teacher simply looked around at the boy; there was regret and rebuke in her glance, but more pity and love. She said nothing and went on with the lesson.

'Pauline,' said Mr. Richards at the close of the session, 'that boy will be the ruin of your class; he's a disgrace to our school, and I can't understand why you insist upon our keeping him here.'

'Patience! Mr. Richards, patience! He hasn't been with us three months yet, and it takes longer than that to reform a bad boy, you know,' the young lady replied.

'But he doesn't improve a particle; he acts even worse than he did at first,' persisted the superintendent.

Miss Lyon's face took on a soberer expression. 'Mr. Richards, I am sure that you really think as I do, that our school ought to try to influence and help just such children as this Dabney boy. He lacks the home training which nearly all the other scholars have; probably the hour and a half which he spends here of a Sunday afternoon is about the only good influence in his life. You see, he needs it more than the rest. I always think of this when I become discouraged, and out of patience with the lad; for indeed I am sometimes tempted to believe, as you do, that he is a hopeless case. Yet the boy has a good heart, I am sure, and I want to find and cultivate it.'

So Mr. Richards had to give in to her, as usual.

It was not very long after this that Miss Lyon was detained at the office one evening to finish some writing that had to be ready by the next morning. She was secretary and stenographer to Hawley & Barnes, the manufacturers. It was after eight o'clock when she closed the books and piled them away in the old safe. The great factory seemed so large and gloomy and quiet there in the darkness of the November evening! But she was not afraid; she had often worked there alone, even later than this. She was particularly careful in locking the safe, however, as she knew that it contained several hundred dollars which Mr. Hawley had brought over from Jefferson that afternoon, to-morrow being payday. As she put the heavy iron key into her little hand-bag it occurred to her, as it often had before, that her employers were short-sighted and careless to entrust their money and valuable papers to the keeping of such an out-of-date, unreliable safe. But Hawley & Barnes were old-fashioned and peculiar in many things.

It was nearly a mile from the factory to her home on the other side of the city; it was very dark, and the streets were poorly lighted; yet the air, cool and crisp, felt so refreshing after her long confinement in the stuffy office, that Miss Lyon resolved to walk instead of taking the trolley. That the first part of the road was rather lonely, the houses being few and far between, didn't trouble her in the least.

She came opposite the end of Grafton street, where the avenue runs close to the river. The lots are all vacant there, but lined with high billboards. From the shadow of one of these billboards two rough looking men stepped suddenly into her path. One of them carried a revolver, which he pointed at her; the other seized her by the shoulder and pressed his great, coarse hand hard against her month, so that the cry which she uttered was faint and stifled.

'Don't be afeard, gal; we hain't goin' to do nothin' to ye—that is if ye act decent and perlite-like,' the man who held her began; 'ye see we want the key to that safe back there in the factory—yo' got it, I seen ye take it out of the lock as I peeked through the window. You jest pass it over, and then stay there with my pal for a little while bein' as I'm gone back to the factory to git somethin' that we uns want out of that safe—and not a little bit of harm shall come to ye, gal; but if ye——'

The terror which had seized Miss Lyon when the men first attacked her began to give way to a dizzy, sickening feeling, and she scarcely heard the rest of the man's words; but before she became entirely unconscious she saw or felt a hard, round object strike the man's face; close to her own; that was the last that she remembered.

It was all a hideous dream or nightmare when she awoke to consciousness the next morning in her own pretty, sunny bedroom, with her mother bending over her, anxious but cheerful. Her nervous system had had a frightful strain, but after two or three days at home she was able to return to her office work again. Before going to the factory, however, she paid a visit to the city hospital. Mr. Hawley sent his carriage to take her there.

In a little cot lay the Dabney boy. His face and hands, always before so ruddy and dirty, were now as white as the pillow where his head rested, or the walls of the wards. He recognized Miss Lyon, as she bent over the cot, with a faint and half-frightened smile. The wound was in his breast, and it was not good for him to talk much, but the nurse said that he might say a few words to the lady if he wished.

At first he did not seem to have anything to say, but after Miss Lyon had told him, with tears in her eyes, how inexpressibly grateful she was for what he had done, for saving her life, perhaps; and how all the city was talking of his bravery, and calling him a little hero, his face brightened up, and he became more communicative.

'Pshaw! Miss Lyon, it was jest nothin'; any kid would have done what I did! I don't see what they want to make such a rumpus about it for. You see I'd been over to Hadley to the football game, me and Jim Birdsall. Jim he got a ride back with a man he know'd, and I had to come alone. It was mean of Jim. It was a long walk, and I didn't git started till late. I was almost up to the factory when you came out. I know'd it were you, and thought first I'd catch up with you, but then I felt kindy ashamed—you see I ain't treated you very square at Sunday school, Miss Lyon—but I warn't far behind when the toughs laid for you. I got down by the boards at first, 'cause I was queer of the gent's gun; but when I seen the other rascal grab you, then I warn't afraid no more—I jest picked up a big stone—I didn't dare chuck it for fear of hittin' you—and crept up behind the blackguard, and held it fast in my hand and jumped and plumped him a good one right on the head. It did him up fine—he didn't whistle—he jest dropped; and I'll bet he'll have a sore head for a while yet. I was goin' to let drive at the other fellow, but he was too quick for me with his shootin' machine, and he give it to me right in the breast and I tumbled, but I saw him skedaddle,anyhow, for a waggon was coming down the avenue, and they had heard his shot. And after that I don't know nothin' about it, but I guess I lay there on the ground by the side of you and the man I hit; asd I heard the doctor say the next morning that I must have lost a heap of blood; I guess so, for I don't feel very brisk.'

Miss Lyon took the boy's hand in her own and talked to him, hopefully, of how he would soon be all right again, and of what good friends they would always be now.

'No, Miss Lyon, 'taint no use for you to say that; I'm a goner—I know it; I've seen how the doctor shakes his head when he and the nurse whisper about me, and I can feel it here in my breast. But I ain't afraid to die. I've been thinking about that Jesus a good deal these two days I've laid here—I remember most everything you used to tell about him, though I didn't pay much attention when you talked in Sunday school. It kindly seems as though I love this Jesus a great big lot. I've been a hard case, I know, but you said he didn't hold no grudge agin a fellow who gives right up and loves him. And last night he was sort of right near me here all the time—I prayed a good bit—my prayers weren't no great shakes, but I felt jest like I was talkin' to him, and it did me a powerful sight of good. If I was a-goin' to get well agin, I would tell him what a different kind of a fellow I'd be—but I ain't, you see, and so all I can do is jest to pray and think about him; butI guess it'll be all right, don't you? Anyhow, when I get up there to heaven, if there's any trouble about it, I'll jest tell this Jesus about knowin' you, and how I was in your Sunday school class, and then it'll be all O.K., sure.'

Th boy had talked too long and was now very weak, so Miss Lyon went away, promising to come and se him the next afternoon.

But the next day a little, cold form was all that was left of the Dabney boy there in the hospital—his life had gone to be with the Jesus whom he had learned to love in those last few days, taught by the remembrance of a patient Sunday school teacher's seemingly unheeded instruction. The Dabney boy had been reformed sooner than Miss Lyon had expected.

## Ralph Holman's Surprise.

(By Albert F. Caldwell, in 'Forward.')

It was a puzzle to everyone why Ralph Holman had sold his growing laundry busines for the rocky Tubbs place, two miles above the village of Lennox.

'He must have been beside himself to buy that rocky hillside of a farm,' commented Aunt Sarah Jackson, with a positive shake of her head. Every one who didn't believe and do exactly as she did was always regarded by Aunt Sarah 'a bit off' or 'just a trifle queer.'

'There's water enough on it in the pond; that's all there is as I can see, but it takes something besides water to bring up a family on; it's good enough for the outside, but the inside generally needs something more filling!'

Now that Ralph Holman was dead, the vilage people had a graver problem than ever to solve—how could Mrs. Holman with those six children get a living.

If it was a grave question to outsiders, it was doubly so to grave Mrs. Holman.

'I'm afraid your father made a mistake, Nan,' she said wearily to her oldest daughter. Nan was sixteen, strong, determined, and self-reliant; 'a veritable host in herself,' often, strenuously, declared her father, with a look of pride in his deep grey eyes. 'Why he sold out and came up here is a great mystery, and I'm afraid 'twill always remain so. It's too bad, when we were doing so well where we were, but he said we'd never be sorry; there'd come a time when we'd see the wisdom of his move,' and Mrs. Holman, utterly discouraged, looked out of the little back window, across a patch of mullein stalks, where her eyes rested on the shadows of the eight-acre pond.

'Queer your father took such a liking to that water. He was always making measurements, and watching to see if the surface lowered any in the dry spells; but no matter how severe the droughts have been its depth hasn't been affected any.'

'Perhaps he wanted to stock it with fish, mother,' suggested Nan,going to the window and peering out. 'You know the hotels down in the village find it difficult to get trout enough for their summer boarders. Perhaps that was what father's surprise was going to be. Anyway, he wouldn't have brought us here if he hadn't had something in mind; and now father's gone, we've got to find out what it is, and I'm going to do it.'

'We can't go on living here, there's no use talking,' and Mrs. Holman rose abruptly and closed the window. 'I've about made up my mind to sell. Of course, we'll not try to get away till we have harvested the crops. Squire Bean was up to-day and made an offer of eight hundred dollars.'

'Squire Bean!' exclaimed Nan, in amazement. 'Why, he was the one who called father a fool for taking the place, and now you say he wants to buy it! Did he say anything about the pond?'

'Yes, he referred to it; said he'd be wiling to give fifty dollars more if it wasn't on the place, taking up so much of the pasture land. He wants to turn the whole farm into a pasture; says that's all the land's good for. You know there's no timber here; and the house's only a shelter at best.'

But father had plans for fixing that, mother, so 'twould be comfortable and cosy.'

'I know, child, with money it might be done; but how'd we ever do it! It's been all we could do to get a bare living and pay the taxes. I think we'd better not let such a chance go by; it will not come again.'

'But, mother,' argued Nan, 'father paid more than eight hundred for it,and the farm is certainly worth more than it was when he took it.'

'Not in market value. Squire Bean says real estate is depreciating continually; and he ought to be a fairly good judge, buying and selling as much as he does.'

'Mother mustn't let the farm go; she mustn't,' declared Nan, again and again, to herself that night, long after it was quiet in the little wood-colored house on the hill. 'What would father think? He said he'd have a surprise for us some time if the village continued to grow, and it has. Three new streets have been laid out already, since we moved away, and we've been here only eighteen months. They've had two fires there, but the houses have been built right up again.'

Nan started violently at her own thought.

'They need it—yes, they do,' she whispered, excitedly, and—and—that's what Squire Bean wants of it!'

Then she remembered having seen the shrewd old lawyer somewhere about the pond, after each one of the fires, or in the run leading to the village, as though making an examination of it.

The next Tuesday, as Nan came from the potato patch, Squire Bean was just driving away.

'I think I've sold it,' said Mrs. Holman, evasively, as Nan set the basket of new potatoes on the kitchen table. 'I insisted on having eight hundred and fifty dollars, and I think he'll give it. Of course, if he refuses, I'll take the eight hundred.'

'When's he going to decide?' and there was a tremor in Nan's voice.

'Not until next week. He says he has a case coming off in court to-morrow, at Bridgeton, and he can't be back until a week from Thursday. When he comes, if he concludes to take it, he's going to bring the papers all ready for me to sign. I gave him till Thursday evening to close the sale. I thought it best to set a time limit, so he wouldn't think I was over-anxious, but really 'twill make no difference.'

'It must make a difference! it's the only way to save father's surprise,' exclaimed Nan, brokenly but determinedly, the next morning, as she hurried along, almost blindly, down the rocky hill road leading to the village. 'What would father say—to—sell—his surprise—and I think I've found it—to—to the one who called him a fool?' and Nan struggled bravely to control her feelings.

She paused for a moment to collect herself before the office door of the Harper Manufacturing Company.

'Come,' was the laconic answer to her determined knock.

It was over an hour before Nan left Mr. Harper, the wealthiest and most influential citizen of the town.

'Queer I never thought of it before,' he was saying, his hand on the door knob. 'It's just what we've needed for years—both for a water supply and a protection against fire. That pond's worth a gold mine to its owner.'

'Do you think Squire Bean can hold mother to her offer?' asked Nan, anxiously.

'I'm afraid so. Your only safety lies in his not closing the bargain Thursday evening. If he shouldn't go with his papers till

Friday morning, his plan is failed; and I think he'll not. He'll not have a suspicion but that the next morning will do just as well. I'm going to the city to-morrow, and I'll engage contractors to come up and look over the situation. In the meantime I'll see your mother, and have the Bean case settled in case he shouldn't keep the appointment.'

All Thursday afternoon Nan anxiously watched the village road. The gathering darkness came on and still Squire Bean did not appear. While the clock was striking eight, the rumble of wheels was heard on the rocky hill. Nan shaded her eyes with her trembling hands and peered out.

'If it's he—'

No; the team went up toward Hebron.

Nan watched till ten, then blew out the flickering light.

'It—it's saved now—Father's surprise is saved!'

Three months later there was such digging and blasting down the run as the rocky Tubbs place never dreamed of experiencing; and before the next autumn the joint stock company, controlling the Lennox Water Works, declared its first dividend—and the largest cheque bore the Holman name.

## Frank's Opportunity.

(Mary C. Farnsworth, in Washington 'Advocate.')

'This five-cent piece has been plugged—we don't take them,' said the clerk, decisively, as he handed back the offending coin.

'That so?' queried Frank. 'Fact. Must have got it over at the drug store. How's this one?' he asked, placing on the counter another coin which had not been mutilated.

'I remember now,' said Frank to his friend Joe, as they passed out of the store together, 'just how it happened. The clerk in at Jackson's gave me two five-cent pieces in change—held the two pieces together so I wouldn't see there was anything wrong. Mighty mean way of doing, I say. There's one thing sure, though. Don't think I'll trade at Jackson's again, right away.'

One would have thought from the dignity and satisfaction with which Frank spoke that Mr. Jackson's success in business was largely dependent on the keeping of his boy customers.

'Oh, well, never mind,' said Joe, consolingly. 'May be you can pass it off on some one else.'

'Ye-es,' assented Frank, thoughtfully, 'I might. Don't know as I'll want to, though. It ain't the loss of the nickel that I care about. Don't think I will,' he continued, dropping the five-cent piece, the last of his week's earnings as errand boy, through a grating in the pavement.

'Oh, say,' protested Joe, 'that's a great way to do. Why didn't you give it to me? I don't think I'd have had it very long.'

'Too late. It's gone now,' said Frank, 'and I'm glad of it. When I get to be storekeeper I don't think there'll be any bad nickels passed over my counters, either way.'

'How long before you intend to set up? May be we'll have time for one or two more ball games before you do—one this afternoon, say,' suggested Joe.

'Why, yes. Going over to the grounds now?'

'Yes,' Joe replied, and turning the corner the two boys disappeared down the street.

That evening at the tea table Joe related some of the afternoon's occurrences, including an account of the foolish way, as it seemed to him, in which Frank had disposed of the mutilated coin that had been passed off on him. The family agreed, however, that Frank's way of doing was certainly more honorable than to try to make up his loss by deceiving some one else. Joe's uncle, who happened to be present, thought Frank must be a remarkably honest and upright boy, 'for,' said he, 'there are many people who would not be found guilty of large thefts and deception, but who do not feel above resorting to those of a trifling nature. They forget that small acts of dishonesty lead to larger ones.'

A year later Joe was sent away to school, but Frank's widowed mother found it impossible to give her boy any further education, and it was decided that he must enter into some kind of business as soon as an opportunity offered itself. Opportunities, however, seemed to be very scarce in the town in which Frank lived. But one day the firm of which Joe's uncle was the junior partner found themselves without a chore-boy, being also minus about ten dollars in cash which it had been proven he had taken from the money-drawer. Where to find another boy to take his place was the question. The senior member of the firm in desperation suggested 'anybody that's honest,' and the junior member at once bethought himself of Joe's chum.

Frank was given a trial in the store, and it is needless to say kept his place, and proved himself worthy of the confidence placed in him. The firm on their part were not unappreciative of his sterling integrity and honesty in little things, which Frank will probably never know was first brought to their knowledge by a worthless coin. In the affairs of this world who shall say which are the great events and which the small ones? People are often judged when they least suspect it, and, in the words of King Solomon, 'Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.'

## May's Comfort.

(By May Joanna Porter.)

It was Saturday afternoon and the students of the Normal School were enjoying a few hours of well earned rest. Some of them, considered most fortunate, had gone to easily accessible homes. Others were playing tennis on the campus. Still others were finding hidden treasures in neighboring woods, or hunting for specimens which should be useful in studying mineralogy or geology. Nearly all were out of doors enjoying to the utmost the bright sunshine of the mild winter day.

Not so May Stanley. She sat in a listless attitude, leaning her head against the back of her Shaker rocker, with her hands resting upon its arms. The room which she occupied in common with her classmate, Sarah Hunter, was a very pretty one. It contained a sufficiency of simple furniture. The two large windows were gracefully draped with white curtains, and brightly colored rugs lay on the hard wood floor. Photographs and other souvenirs of friends were tastefully arranged on the walls and the shelves. One would have thought that May might have taken much satisfaction in glancing around the apartment. Yet, as she did so, she only sighed and thought how lonely she was. Truth to tell, May was home-sick. Any one who has ever had that experience knows what a miserable thing it is.

At that hour May would have given anything in her possession for one hug and kiss from her baby sister, Lou; or for a chance to tell a story to her little brothers, Fred and Frank. But no. She must wait for long months to pass before she might hope for a sight of the dear ones at home. How could she ever bear the dreary separation?.

Her reflections were disturbed by a knock at the door, and a subsequent rush of girls into the room.

'May Stanley, where are you? Not moping on a day like this! We've come to take you with us to see blind Annie. We're going to sing for her. Come along.

There was no resisting this importunate invitation. May hastily donned hat and wrap and went with her school mates. As they walked she inquired, 'Who is blind Annie?'

'Haven't you heard of her? It must be because you've been sitting alone in your room so much. She is an inheritance left to us from the last graduating class.' It was Grace Wilson who gave this reply. She was the best soprano singer in the school. In looking around among her companions May noticed that they were all girls who were gifted with good voices.

Grace, keeping step with her in the path, went on to say, 'Annie is a young woman who has been hopelessly blind for several years. She lives with a very old mother who is a marvel of energy for one of her age, and who cares untiringly for her blind daughter. Some one who visited them a couple of years ago gave Annie a copy of the Book of Psalms and also the Gospel of St. John printed in raised letters. She read these for a time, but lately has been too nervous to do so. One of the students found out a while ago that she was extremely fond of music, and since then a sort of choir has been visiting her every Saturday. Then on Sunday one or two of the Normals go to read to her. There is the house on the hill yonder.'

It was a most hearty welcome that the girls received. Annie found a great pleasure in recognizing those whom she knew, either through the sense of touch or by the sound of their voices. It delighted her also to receive a new visitor.

The girls remained about half an hour, singing one after another of the sweet songs of Zion. Annie and her mother listened in ecstacy. Evidently the beautiful hymns gave them great happiness. After leaving the cottage the students went 'the longest way round' back to school. Grace politely told May that her voice had been a valuable addition to the chorus.

'Don't speak of it,' May replied. 'I can't tell you how glad I am that you have let me help. It's been the greatest comfort imaginable. I was feeling so lonely when you came to my room. It seemed as though I could never be happy away from home; but I believe that what I really wanted was some one to do something for. I thank you ever so much for coming after me.'

When Mary entered her room it was as quiet as before. Sarah had not yet returned from watching a game of tennis, and May again sat down alone.

But now the room had become a pleasant place and many mercies seemed to call for thankfulness. May had found comfort in giving it to another.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

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So long as the leading churchmen are timorous and hesitating in their attitude toward the liquor traffic, so long as the politician can win by the favor of the saloon and enjoy the plaudits of the church, so long as no man true to his noblest convictions can command the united support of Christian men in politics, so long will the saloon be a dominant force in our government and the church continue to lose her influence over the masses.

## Little Playmates.

(By G. E. M. Vaughan.)

'There's a great deal of illness in the village just now,' said father, as he threw down his newspaper, and rose from the breakfast-table. 'Your little friend, Molly, children, is one of my small patients.'

'Poor Molly!' said Jessie. 'Is she very ill, father?'

'Ill enough to be in bed and to look very sorry for herself,' laughed father, going out into the hall and reaching down his hat and great coat, and putting them on, with Jessie and Marjory to help him.

'What was she doing when you saw her, father?' asked Marjory, who was a very active little person, and could think of nothing more dreadful than being obliged to stay in bed.

'When I saw her last? Let me see. To tell you the truth, Marjory, she was crying! I had to scold her.'

'Why was she crying, I wonder? Because she was in bed?'

'In bed with nothing to do, and nothing to play with, either. By the way, I thought that you might send her something to amuse her, children. She hasn't half the amount of pretty things you have; though you haven't as many as I would give you if I were rich! Good-bye, darlings!'.

Jessie and Marjory went back to the breakfast-room and finished their bread-and-milk. Then they went into the school-room to get ready for lessons.

JESSIE SET TO WORK TO GLUE DOLLY'S HEAD ON.

'You must think, Marjory,' said Jessie. 'Think all the morning, as hard as you can!'

Mother had two rather inattentive little pupils at lessons that morning. But she guessed why it was that Marjory's spelling was all wrong, and that Jessie's eyes, instead of being on her slate, looking at her sum, were all the while straying to the doll's perambulator on the shelf.

'Can't you manage to think of your lessons, children?' she said, 'just for one hour?'

'Lessons are so long this morning, mother!' sighed Jessie.

'Shall I tell you why?' said mother. 'Because you are trying to do two things at once, and so you are doing both badly. Try doing one thing well.'

'I suppose lessons must be the one thing, mother!' said Jessie, looking up from her slate. She really was trying to do her sum now.

'Lessons in lesson-time,' said mother, 'play in play-time.'

'Only this isn't 'zactly play,' said Jessie, 'it's hard thinks!'

'Try how it succeeds to put the hard thinks into the lessons,' laughed mother.

Jessie tried it, and so did Marjory; and very soon the spelling was quite right, and the sum finished.

'Good children!' said mother.

When lessons were over, the two little girls had a long talk in one corner of the schoolroom. It was raining, and they couldn't go out for their walk. Mother went up to the nursery to see baby, and the children were alone in the schoolroom.

'She's not really very bad,' said Marjory, glancing at one of the dolls.

'No,' said Jessie, 'and I think I could paint her cheeks, if you would like me to, with some of the crimson lake in my paint-box.'

'Oh, yes! That would be splendid. And could you glue her head very strong, please, Jessie, because it's rather difficult to keep it on when you're dressing and undressing her. She wants a hat, too. All my hats are too small, they belong to quite the tiny babies. She's my only big dolly.'

'I have a hat that I think would fit her,' said Jessie, jumping up and going to the shelf where she kept her toys.

'Most of all,' said Marjory, 'she would so like a dolly's carriage.'

Jessie turned round; she was very scarlet in the face.

'Do you mean mine?' she said, in a deep voice.

'There is the mail-cart,' Marjory answered, almost in a whisper. 'Our dollies can ride in that, you know.'

'I don't think I could spare the

carriage,' said Jessie, 'must I, Marjory ?'

'She'd like it, dreadfully much!'

At this moment mother came in and asked what all the talk meant.

When the little girls told her, she laughed.

'Father didn't want you to give Molly all your toys, chickens,' she said. 'And I really don't see what a little girl in bed could do with a carriage, to tell you the truth!'

Jessie heaved a great sigh of relief, and then set to work to stick dolly's head on to her shoulders. When that was finished, and dolly was dressed, and had had her cheeks painted a very bright crimson, it was dinner time.

After dinner the rain cleared, and the sun came out.

'Dress quickly, chicks,' said mother, 'and come with me for a walk.'

Of course the mended dolly went too; and when father paid his next visit to Molly, he found her having a tea-party, with the new dolly sitting on the pillow.

'No more tears?' he said cheerfully.

'No, Mr. Doctor!' said Molly, 'And please will you thank Jessie and Marjory very, very much for bringing her to me? I do love her so much! And I'm quite sure I shall soon be well now.'

'I think so, too,' said father. —'Child's own Magazine.'

## Weighed !

(Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Forward.')

'Drop a penny in the slot and weigh yourself,' runs the invitation, and a merry boy throws aside his books and overcoat, and triumphantly announces to a companion how much there is of him.

'It's the first time I've been weighed for a long while,' he says.

Is it ? Every day and all day long other people have been weighing you when you knew nothing of it. You came down late to breakfast this morning, so you did yesterday and many another day, in fact; and mother's scales—even those delicate, love-adjusted ones where it is so hard for any fault of yours to amount to anything—registered, 'Fred is sadly lacking in punctuality.'

You stopped for a few minutes on your way down town, at a corner where two or three young fellows were standing. It is a set that, deep down in your heart, you do not approve nor really mean to belong to, but you think it is fun to hear them talk sometimes. You would not like your father or mother to hear them, but you have done it so often that they felt quite free to call out their familiar 'Hallo, Fred!' and to expect that you would linger a little. While you were there a prominent business man passed. He knew you, and bowed slightly, but his keen, observant eyes took in your group in that momentary glance. 'He doesn't choose the best of companions,' he said to himself, and put away a mental note of the fact where he will be sure to find it and bring it out for consideration if he should ever have any business relations with you.

You were hurrying along to school when a little boy riding a bicycle in front of you was suddenly thrown from his wheels. You were at his side in a moment, helping him to brush off the dust, comforting him and assisting him to mount again. A lady who watched you from a window marked you as 'kind-hearted and ready to help instead of tease.'

Then came the school hours, and again and again you were weighed, in the recitation rooms, in the halls and on the play ground. If you had known what the scales registered each time you would have been both pleased and chagrined, for some fine qualities showed good weight, while in others there was sad shortage. You would have been shocked if you had known what the earnest gaze of your little sister's eyes meant when you answered her questions with such equivocal statements this noon. She was gravely weighing the doubtful 'facts' you thought it so funny to give her, adding to them some former experiences, and slowly coming to the conclusion that when she wants the exact truth it would be better to ask some one else instead of the big brother she is so inclined to worship.

Do you say that all this weighing amounts to nothing ; that the scales are variable and you can change the record any day ? Do not be too sure of that. All these good and bad qualities are either increasing or decreasing. When you stepped on the scales just now you expected to find yourself weighing more than when you tried it last. You are growing, rounding out, and you expect the increase in strength and stature to tell. Character is a growth, reputation is a growth. They are not the same thing, but the last is usually a fair indication of the first. Your influence, your power for good in the community depends upon what you weigh in the estimation of others. But, whatever may be said of human judgment, there is another weighing that goes on day by day where mistake is impossible. There is many another than Belshazzar of whom it is written : 'Weighed in the balance and art found wanting. God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.'

## What to Keep a List Of.

1. Keep a list of your friends; and let Jesus be the first on the list, however long it may be.

2. Keep a list of your joys; and let the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,' be the first.

3. Keep a list of the gifts you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, take the top place. —'Early Days.'

## The Story of Grumble Tom.

There was a boy named Grumble Tom, who ran away to sea,
'I'm sick of things on land,' he said, 'as sick as I can be!
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!'
The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,
For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy, rolling berth,
And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,
But nothing that he heard or saw, seemed just exactly right,
And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.
He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,
But always found the people dull, and longed to get away
To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay,

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,
He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go;
But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?
The reason was that, north or south, Where'er his steps were bent,
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;
For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.
—Australian Paper.

# Sunday School

FOURTH QUARTER—LESSON I.

October 7.

## Jesus Dining With a Pharisee

Luke xiv., 1-14. Memory verses, 12-14. Read Luke xiii. and John x., 22-42.

### Daily Readings.

M. Great Supper—Lk. xiv., 15-24.
T. King's Son.—Mt. xxii., 1-14.
W. Humility.—Jn. xiii., 1-17.
T. Humanity—Mt. xix., 13-30.
F. Infirmity.—Jn. v., 1-9.
S. Repaid.—Mt. xxv., 31-46.

### Golden Text.

'Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'—Luke xiv., 11.

### Lesson Text.

(1)And it came to pass, as he went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day, that they watched him. (2) And, benold, there was a certain man before him which had the dropsy. (3) And Jesus answering spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? (4) And they held their peace. And he took him, and healed him, and let him go; (5) And answered them, saying, Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightaway pull him out on the Sabbath day? (6) And they could not answer him again to these things.

(7) And he put forth a parable to those which were bidden, when he marked how they chose out the chief rooms; saying unto them, (8) When thou art bidden of a man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; (9) And he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room. (10) But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher; then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee. (11) For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

(12) Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.(13) But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: (14) And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

### Suggestions.

Connection.—We closed the last quarter's lessons with incidents that took place during Jesus's last journey from Galilee to Jerusalem, through Perea, 'beyond Jordan.' In this region Jesus spent several months. Jesus was approaching Jerusalem when the Feast of Dedication came, held that year December 20 to 27. Jesus went up to that feast (John x., 22-39). On his way he passed through Bethany (according to Andrews), and there occurred that beautiful and instructive scene in the family of Mary and Martha and Lazarus described in Luke x., 38-42. Jesus again returns to Peter near Bethabara and abides there (John x., 40-42), teaching and working miracles. At this time he is invited to dine with one of the leading Pharisees.—Peloubet's Notes.

As our Lord was sitting at the table of the rich Pharisee, the other guests, lawyers and Pharisees, were watching him closely to see if they could not find some fault in his conduct on the Sabbath day. A poor sick man with the dropsy had come into the room, doubtless desiring to be healed, when the Pharisees saw him they began to wonder whether or no the Lord would heal him. Jesus with quick sympathy noticed the sick man, and knowing the thoughts and questionings of the scribes, answered by voicing their own silent question, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? And still they were silent as he healed the sick man and sent him away rejoicing.

Jesus saw that they were displeased with his healing the poor man on the Sabbath, so he proved to them their unreasonableness by asking whether they would not be anxious even to help a beast out of trouble on the Sabbath, and they knew that if it was their own beast they certainly would. Jesus did not in any case break the Sabbath, he was most careful to honor the commandment, but he was continually brushing aside the cobwebs of traditional regulations and additions made by the priests which made the law of no effect by making it impossible to keep.

Our Lord noticed that the guests as they came in were most anxious to choose, each for himself, the most honored places, perhaps each one of them thought himself of sufficient importance to be the chief guest. But Jesus taught them the dignity of humility. He advised them when they went to a great feast not to choose the highest seat, for it might be that the host would bring in some greater and more honored guest to whom the highest seat should be given, and then the first guest would have to take a lower seat, perhaps the lowest of all would be the only one empty then, and he that had exalted himself would be abased before all. But if the guest on coming to the feast would go meekly to the lowest place at the table his host would be sure to invite him to a higher place. The host would know all those whom he had invited and would be able to place them in their proper rank much better than they could do by choosing themselves. So God is our only judge. We cannot judge of our own rank in Heaven's sight, the only safe way is to be humble. It is a vain conceit which makes us imagine ourselves better than our neighbors. Only God can know which is the superior, he may see your neighbor as a far greater warrior than you because he has so much greater difficulties to contend with. Humility is a noble crown.

Our Lord told the Pharisee how his feasts could be made a time of great blessing by calling in the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind. They could not recompense him in this life as his rich friends and neighbors could, but they could call down for him blessings from Heaven and this reward of his good deeds would be certain at the resurrection day. It is a great blessing to be able to make others happy.

### Questions.

Where was our Lord when he healed the man with dropsy?

What did he say to those who were watching?

What did he say to those who chose the best places?

Is it safe to consider ourselves better than other Christians?

### C. E. Topic.

Oct. 7.—Rich toward God. Luke xii., 13-21.

### Junior C. E. Topic.

TRULY RICH.

Mon., Oct. 1.—Having Christ our Saviour. —John xx., 28.

Tues., Oct. 2.—Having a clear conscience. —Acts xxiii., 1.

Wed., Oct. 3.—Having faith.—Mark xi., 22.

Thur., Oct. 4.—Having hope.—Jer. xvii., 7.

Fri., Oct. 5.—Having Christ as comforter. John xv., 15.

Sat., Oct .6.—Doing Christian service.—Eph. vi., 7.

Sun., Oct. 7.—Topic: When is a man truly rich?—Luke xii., 13-21.

Every Sunday-school teacher is a seed-sower. So the Word tells us, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' The seed to be sown is precious; it is the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever. This seed has inherent and vital energy. It works wondrous changes and marvellous reformations and transformations wherever it is faithfully presented and cordially received.—Rev. W. B. Backs.

# Temperance

## Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

11. Q.—What does wine signify?

A.—Spiritual good and truth; and the fresh juice of the grape signifies spiritual and heavenly good.

12. Q.—What does ferment or leaven signify?

A.—Evil and falsehood.

13. Q.—As the pure blood of the grape contains no alcohol, what does this also prove to us?

A.—The wine which Christ used when he instituted the Lord's Supper must have been the pure blood of the grape containing no alcohol or ferment or anything evil or false.

14. Q.—What is the best authority for not using the fermented wine which contains alcohol.

A.—The word of God, the Bible.

15. Q.—Was water instead of wine used soon after Christ at the Lord's Supper?

A.—About a hundred and sixty-five years after Christ it was used. Eusebius, a noted writer, quotes from Origen, who was at the head of the school at Alexandria from 228 years to 254 years after Christ, that many Christian believers used water instead of wine at the Lord's Supper.

Justin Martyr who was martyred at Rome 165 A.D., makes the same statement.

16. Q.—What were the people called who used water at the Lord's Supper?

A.—'The Water Band,' or 'Waterers,' were the titles applied to them.

17. Q.—What does the fact of such a band of Christians using water, instead of wine, at the Lord's Supper so near the time of Christ help to prove?

A.—That Christ himself never used the fermented wine at the Lord's Supper.

18. Q.—What does the great scholar and writer, Plutarch, state?

A.—That over six hundred years before Christ the Egyptians neither drank fermented wine nor offered it in sacrifices.

19. Q.—What can you say of fermented wines during the entire history of the Hebrew nation?

A.—That the whole weight of law, morality and religion is against the use of intoxicating drinks.

## Foolish Water.

A Quaker who was travelling on a stage-coach in Kansas on a cold winter day, was offered by one of the passengers a drink of whiskey, which, by the Comanche Indians, is called 'Foolish Water.' The Friend declined drinking; but four or five passengers accepted the invitation to drink. At length, under the apparent influence of the 'foolish water,' the gentleman who carried the bottle suggested that each one should either tell a tale, sing a song, or leave the coach. As the Friend was the oldest one present, he was called on to lead off; and at once told the following anecdote:

'Maw-way, a prominent Comanche chief, was arrested with six other Indians, in New Mexico, in 1868, and sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. On his return he gave to some of his people the following graphic description of his trip: "I thought that the white people were taking us North to kill us, and when one of our company was taken sick I was surprised that the soldiers should try to cure him and manifest anxiety about him; but he at length died, and instead of being thrown out to the wolves, as I expected, they made a nice box to put him in, and also put in his bow and arrows, clothes ,and everything he had. He was then buried in the nicest hole that I ever saw dug ,and a neat board put at the head and foot of the grave. I began to think that the white people were not quite as bad as I imagined. At length we got to the railway in the western part of Kansas,where we saw the iron horse hitched to a number of houses, into one of which we were taken, and oh! what a beautiful house it was. I

had never seen anything to compare with it before, and we each had a nice, soft seat. We had been there but a short time when the iron horse made a snort, and away it went, pulling all the houses with it. Why, our ponies could not run half so fast as it went, and it did not get tired either; and they only fed it with wood and water. It soon stopped at another white man's village, and so on until we arrived at Leavenworth, where there were so many people, and the land so scarce, that there was not room to build their houses without putting one right up on top of another, sometimes two or three houses high.

"'We were taken into one of the large houses, which was divided into little houses; and then we were taken into the house above, which was also divided into little houses. The streets were full of people, and the houses were full, but where they all come from I cannot tell. I had no idea that there were so many white people, or that they had so many villages; but I know they were there, for I saw them with my own eyes. After we were taken through the houses, which were built on top of each other, we were taken into one under it, which was dug in the ground. There was nobody living in this, but there was a large quantity of foolish water there. I noticed that it made white people so foolish to drink that I was afraid to drink, lest I should get foolish, too."'

Here the Friend stopped talking, and soon afterward, when one of the other gentlemen called for the bottle, the one who had it, said:

'No; it makes white people so foolish to drink whiskey, that I think we had better stop.'

No more was drunk during the balance of the journey.

Maw-way and his companions were sent back to their people in 1869 in charge of a citizen who got intoxicated on the way, when the Indians became disgusted with him, and went on without him to Ft. Sill, and reported themselves to Colonel Grierson as his prisoners, telling him that the man who was in charge of them had drank some 'foolish water' and lost his senses. The colonel told them they had acted better than the white man, and should no longer be regarded as prisoners, but might go to their people.

Here was an instance of some untutored Indians acting more discreetly and with better judgment than many white people, by refraining from intoxicating drink when offered to them. Nearly all men who do business have liquor offered to them, and if they were to act like these Indians, not to partake of the first glass, there would be no danger of being overcome with strong drink, which the Bible says is raging, and wine a mocker.—'Olive Leaf.'

## The Poppy's Victims.

The chief number of lives sacrificed to the poppy-fiend are not laid down in one heavy sleep. An opium-victim has a proverb: 'If I can gain heaven by one piece, why should you be envious?' In mad defiance of consequences, he indulges his ideal of bliss, and dies by slow degrees. Some Englishmen who in 1894 visited a den in Colombo said the scene would have furnished Dante with a fitting representation of one of the chambers of the Inferno. The room was totally dark, except for the dim light of the opium lamps, and there was no ventilation whatever. Twenty-two men—Tamils, Malays, and a few Singhalese—lay on the mud floor; a few favored ones were furnished with cane mats. They willingly entered into conversation. 'If I had but known,' said one old man, 'what the effect of the drug would be, I would never have touched it; but now it is too late, and I must and will have it, by fair means or foul. If you want us to go raving mad, keep it from us for a few days,' said another. To any promise of hope and help outside themselves, the smokers answered incredulously, 'These things are not for us.' They charged the Englishman repeatedly to save the young of India from the curse that had fallen upon themselves. The one noble desire of these infatuated men is like the last prayer of Dives in torment. It would be impossible to say to what extent the crowd of beggars who infest the East owe their miserable condition to opium. A missionary catechist described two whom he saw in Bombay. One of them roused a sense of disgust mingled with compassion. He was still young, but his drawn skin, miserable expression, and emaciated form proclaimed him a confirmed opium-smoker. He was recognized as the only son of a rich landowner, and his story soon became known. As a boy, he had contracted the habit of opium-smoking. He had mortgaged his father's property, sold his mother's and his wife's jewels (valued at 5,000 Rs.) and reduced all his family to ruin. He was now not ashamed to beg, nor to cry like an infant over his woes. He was ready to confess that he had brought them on himself by indulging in opium, and to promise, like a whipped child, not to do it again. But this was an old story. His mother, partly blind from a constant flow of tears, bore him company. She was resolved that nothing but death should separate her from this wreck of humanity. Her only desire was to follow him to the grave to which he was hastening.—'The Quiver.'

## Drink Like a Lady.

A pastor, writing to the 'Christian Observer,' says:

Once, when my field of labor in this gospel temperance work was in one of the interior towns of the Middle States, I met on the principal avenue a young woman, a former pupil in the Sunday-school in a distant village. A moment's conversation showed me how the cruel vulture had done its ghoulish work. The spirit of the good Samaritan moved me. I prayed that I might be able to turn her wayward feet. The purity of blessed childhood's days and scenes, associations sweet and sacred, hallowed memories, early playmates—all, all were presented in the brilliant color of hope and trust. A mist filled her eyes.

'Come, I'll take you home. In less than a day we'll be there. How glad your parents will be to see you! Surely you do not forget the love of father and mother, and you do want to see them again, don't you, Mary?'

Straightening herself up to her full height, her face white, her form rigid and strained, in a voice whose tone conveyed hate, mingled with utter despair, she answered:

'Yes, I do remember them. They taught me to drink wine at the family board. I was told to drink it like a lady. Easily and quickly enough I learned to like it. I tried to drink it "like a lady." Under its influence the bottle was drained, my brain reeled, the world was torn from under my feet, the sky became all brass. To-day I am eating the ashes of the apples of the Dead Sea. There is nothing left worth living for. I can't fight against the odds much longer. Every hand pushes me nearer the bottom; then comes the end. Some day I must stand at the bar of God, and I tell you I shall be a true witness against those who taught me to "drink wine like a lady."'

# Correspondence

Westville.

Dear Editor,—I am not going to school now, because the school is getting fixed. My aunt took me to Little Harbor and I had a fine time paddling in the water. I got ten copies of your paper, and we all like it very much. I have two brothers. My eldest brother is in the No. 5 Royal Reader, and I am in the No. 3 Royal Reader, and my youngest brother is in the first book. I got a little axe and I chop wood with it. Mamma reads the 'Messenger' to us and she enjoys it very much. The 8th of August was my birthday and mamma gave me a book and I like it very much.

WILLIAM GEO. M., aged 9.

Derby, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I have written you once before, but only my nom de plume appeared in the 'Messenger.' Why can't we have some discussions in the correspondence? There is too much of a sameness to the letters. Here is a question: 'Should alcohol be used as a medicine?' I live on a farm about six miles from Canada line. I attend the M. E. Church and Sunday-school. We have no saloons in our town. Well, perhaps my letter is getting too long, so I will close.

VERMONT FARMER BOY.

Souris, P. E. Island.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading some of the letters in the 'Messenger,' and as I have not seen a letter from Souris, I thought I would write to you. It was quite wet all day yesterday, and it is raining now. I have two sisters and two brothers, and a pet cat named 'Minto.' I go to school. I am in the third book. We go bathing every morning before breakfast when the weather is fine. We are going to have our Sunday-school picnic on Thursday. I think the 'Messenger' is a fine paper and I don't know what I would do without it. Well, I think I shall close.

HELEN POLLARD R., aged 7.

Hazel Cliffe, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—My brother Fred. sent for the 'Messenger,' and we like to read it, and the many letters from the boys and girls. I was reading a letter written by a little girl at Metropolitan when my papa said that he went to school with her mother at the same place. I have three brothers and one sister. We go to school for nine months out of the year. I am in the third book. Our teacher's name is Mr. Atkinson, from Newcastle, Ont.; and our minister's name is Mr. Edmiston. We have good times at picnics and concerts. But we have them to have a good time. I like reading the 'Elsie Dinsmore' books, some of 'Sheldon' and 'Pansy,' and more besides We have 104 books in our library now We had a very dry summer; but very heavy rains now We wish it would be fine for the wheat is in stook.

VERDA E. H., aged 10 years.

Leitches Creek.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and five sister, and also a dear little niece. She is four months old. Her birthday is on March 14. I have a brother and he prints the 'Daily Record.' I enjoy reading the correspondence very much. I am very sorry I cannot go to school because I am not well. I am twelve years old, and I weigh 101 lbs.

MARY S., aged 12.

Dunnville.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a few verses which I hope you will print in the 'Witness.' I am just past my sixteenth year, so if they are not very good you can make allowance. ROSE E. H.

BY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

(R. E. H.)

As I knelt by my mother's grave
And bathed the turf with my tears,
I thought of the golden hours
We spent in my childhood's years.
I thought of the sweet caresses,
And loving counsel she gave;
And I longed, how I longed for mother,
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,
I almost thought I could see
Myself as I faintly whispered
My little prayer, at her knee.
And hear her tell of a Saviour
Who came little children to save;
And I longed, how I longed for mother,
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,
Where she lay in peace at rest,
I thought how oft she had rocked me
When weary, asleep on her breast.
I thought how oft she had urged me,
A little child, to be brave;
And I longed, how I longed for mother,
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,
My heart so heavy and sore
If that vanished friend were only back
I thought I would love her more.
I thought how oft in my trials
Her loving help I would crave;
And I longed, how I longed for mother,
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,
My life was so full of care,
That I yearned to lie down beside her
And slumber forever there.
For troubles were towering o'er me
In a bitter and surging wave;
And I longed, how I longed for mother,
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

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# HOUSEHOLD.

## Keeping Hold of the Boys

There were once two boys in a home I know and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms. The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bed-time prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel, the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence, 'Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate.'

Said the mother, years after, 'I consecrated my life to answer that prayer.'

Did she have to give up anything? Yes; receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boy's friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered doileys and hand-painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy, and the answering of his prayer. 'Always give me the first chance to help you, dear,' she would say; and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child to be watched and scolded instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as impulsive and self-willed as you often find. But she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

(1) I will pray and work to be patient.

(2) I will strive to 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of God.'

(3) No matter what happens I will try to hold my temper and my tongue.

(4) I will try never to scold and never to reprove or punish in anger.

(5) I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy; and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not 'good form' to display emotion but the real holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast. Control harnesses him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder, he had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness but never a time when he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble but the first place he turned for help was to the tender, loyal 'mother-friend' and he was sure of comfort. Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on 'how to get hold of the boys,' she thanks God she has never lost hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him but both have grown intimate with Christ. Mother, you have no 'charge to keep' half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to your trust?—Emma Graves Dietrick, in 'Christian Work.'

## Selected Recipes.

Potato Cups.—Peel eight large potatoes, cut them in two. Take out the centres smoothly with a tin scoop. Take any cold meat you may have, although beef and veal are preferred; chop this fine and season well. Fill the holes with this, and set the potatoes on a tin in a hot oven, bake until done, and serve with brown gravy left over when the meat was first cooked.

Saratoga Biscuits.—The following breakfast cakes are said to be great favorites at a certain Saratoga hotel: Heat a pint of milk over the fire, and when hot enough to melt butter, remove, add butter the size of a walnut, three beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Let them rise in a warm place for two or three hours. Make up into small biscuit or bun-shaped cakes, lay close together on a well buttered tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

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